ARMISTICE NUMBER

Yankee Doings

Vol. VI Boston, Mass. November, 1925 No. 11

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

THE CURTAIN FALLS

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

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YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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RALPH M. EASTMAN
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN
Secretary

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Send all communications to the Secretary

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

*THE CURTAIN FALLS

BY P. O. PALMSTROM

The curtain falls, the battle's done,
The fiery scene of slaughter ends;
The soldier rests, lays down his gun,
And on the prayerful knee he bends.

His thoughts rise up from mud and grime,
And lips that cursed now pray.
He wonders why he still marks time
While friends have passed away.

To play his part, to tarry on,
An actor on the stage of Life,
To build, and still to carry on,
To be a soldier in the strife.

For us, the living, you who passed,
When here your lives were scarce begun,
Give inspiration to the last,
Till the curtain falls and the play is done.

*See Cover

ARMISTICE FESTIVITIES

Owing to the fact that the copy for DOINGS goes to the printer on the first of the month, it is impossible to print accounts of events taking place between that date and the date you receive it, until the following month.

Thus, for example, two affairs of interest to YD men were: the First Armistice Ball, given by YD Post 290, A. L., at the YD Memorial Clubhouse, Boston, and the Seventh Armistice Ball, given by the YD Club of Quincy.

An announcement would be of no use, because when you receive your copy the affairs will be over. On the other hand, an account of them cannot be given because they haven't taken place as this is written. So there you are.

Can't say we didn't mention them, anyway.

6.35 A.M.

"Code Fl."

Marechal Foch à Commandants en Chefs:

I. Les hostilités seront arretées sur toutes les fronts à partir du onze Novembre, onze heures (heure francais).

II. Les troupes alliées ne dépasseront pas, jusqu'a nouvel ordre, la ligne atteinte à cette date et à cette heure.

Signé
M. Foch

(Translation)

6.35 A.M.

Marshal Foch to Commanders-in-Chief:

I. Hostilities will cease on all fronts on November eleventh at eleven o'clock (French time).

II. Allied troops will not pass, until further orders, beyond the line reached on that date and at that hour.

Signed,
M. Foch

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

We feel rather proud of this Armistice Number. It is not the largest issue which ever appeared, in its number of pages. And probably it is not the best. But—the appeal sent forth last month for stories of Armistice Day from our readers did not fall on deaf ears. This number marks a closer approach to the YANKEE DOINGS of the future which we are striving to bring to pass,—a paper which shall give voice to the thoughts and memories of its readers. No two men saw the war from exactly the same angle. And even if they did, their style of relating what they saw would always vary. No paper presenting the views of only a few men can long retain the interest of its readers.

Another special number is just ahead—the Christmas number. Two Christmases we spent in France. The memory of each should be replete with incidents brimming over in human interest. Let us hear about them. Do not say to yourself, "I can't write." Just tell what you have to say as you told it to your folks when you got home.

We'll print an issue of five hundred pages if you'll provide the material.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

What remains to be said of Armistice Day? Each year brings its November Eleventh. But the mind finds it ever harder to live again the mad joy of that Day of Days. The heart can less easily lose the present in the past, forget the prosaic events of today in the exaltation of yesterday.

* * * *

To us only who spent the night of that day around some roaring blaze near the banks of the Meuse, who, beholding the jagged walls of the lost villages in ruddy silhouette against the now silent hills, felt the security of peace and the promise of undisturbed rest—to us only does the picture never fade. And what of the talk around those fires? Not of a victory won, a cause successfully defended, an enemy vanquished,—but of the kind of pies that mother made and the number of continuous and consecutive days we proposed to spend in bed.

* * * *

We knew the *guerre* was *fini*, and we knew our side had won. Just what they had won was a bit uncertain and of no great consequence—just then. That we were through, that Heaven and Hell were checked off the list, and Hoboken was the only terminus remaining,—that was the one big thing that night.

* * * *

It wasn't that we didn't know what we had been fighting for. Silk hats, swivel chairs and silver stars had been unceasingly voluble on that point. Also we had ideas of our own. "The world safe for democracy," "the war to end war," "avenge the wrongs of France,"—these phrases were not unfamiliar. In the brief intervals between dodging shells, hunting cooties, criticising the army, and avoiding details and M. P.'s, we had thought these things over. They sounded well. If all these ends had been attained, that was fine. If not, it was O.K. anyway. We were going home!

* * * *

We are home. We are seven years older. There has been ample time to look about. Some of those desired aims were achieved. Others were not, or are not yet apparent. Comrades were left behind; homes were saddened; mankind's resources, physical and spiritual, were consumed. Has any good thing come out of it all?

* * * *

Yes. Amongst much of what is still uncertain one fact stands clearly forth. Humanity was tried and was not found wanting. Face to face with stark terror and mortal anguish, the glory of man's courage and the nobility of his unselfishness never faltered. He who saw it through found how false are the standards by which man is measured in the world of ease. He set up new standards. He saw men measure up to them and beyond them. He witnessed souls lost and souls born. He became conscious of the truth that man is unconquerable.

* * * *

In this knowledge is more gain than loss.

NEW YORK YD MEN

Some former 26th Division men in New York City are planning to form a YD Post of the American Legion. Anyone interested may communicate with Paul Nathanson, 747 East 181st Street, New York.

It is understood that the Y. D. V. A. is in no way connected with the proposed organization. This announcement is made at the request of the sponsors of the new post.

BEATS THE DEVIL

It is related that a certain negro slave, in the days before the Civil War, was noted among all those who knew him for having a most remarkable memory.

This trait, of course, greatly enhanced the esteem in which his master held him. He always treated him kindly and could by no means be induced to part with him.

One warm summer afternoon, as the master dozed in the sunshine of his wide veranda, Satan appeared before him demanding that he give him this most excellent slave. This he declined to do, but finally consented to an agreement whereby the Evil One should have the slave provided he could cause him to fail in any sort of test of his memory.

The next day, as he labored in the fields, the slave was startled by the apparition of Satan, who demanded in a quick voice, "Do you like eggs?"

"Yes," answered the negro.

The Evil One vanished.

Years passed. The great War of the Rebellion came, freeing all the slaves. And still time rolled on. The former slave was old, toothless, gray and infirm.

Then one night, as he sat by his fireside, he was once more visited by the same evil apparition, who, without pausing a second, demanded, "How?"

"Fried," replied the old darkie, without an instant's hesitation.

Despairing of his bargain, his Satanic Majesty vanished, never to reappear.

THOSE GREETING CARDS!

You have received a box of Christmas greeting cards from the Yankee Division Veterans Association. Probably you have likewise paid for them. Possibly you have sent in for another box or two.

One thing we don't want you to do, and that is to buy more of them than you can use. But bear in mind that the Yuletide is drawing nearer, and twenty cards don't go very far for a man with a normal number of friends. Also that you will hunt a long time to find a better buy for your money than that which the Association is offering. If you really figure that you need more, and are sure you can use them, step right up with one buck and another box will be sent you, pronto.

And oh, by the way, it isn't a secret. Our permission is granted to tell the world about it. One of our members has disposed of over fifty boxes among his friends, and another has sold twenty-five.

How many, please?

THE DAY OF GLORY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

(From the volume of short stories, "The Day of Glory.")

"IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE HERE DEDICATED"

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated . . . "

Out in the wheat-field, golden under a golden sun, I came suddenly upon the young American soldier, lying dead, his face turned toward the Bois de Belleau. He was the stillest thing in all the still countryside, ghostly quiet after the four days' din of battle, now gone forward and thundering on the horizon. Compared to his stillness, the wheatstalks, broken and trampled as they were, seemed quivering, conscious life; the trees, although half shattered by the shell-fire, fluttered their bright leaves, vividly alive; the weeds by the roadside vibrated in triumph. They were wounded, mutilated, disfigured, but they had survived. They were alive. Only the soldier had not survived.

All men go on a long journey to meet their death, through many days and months and years. But he and his comrades had gone on a longer than any man before them. They had passed through all those days and months and years; and more than that, across unending miles of those other wheat fields in a far country and across the unending miles of the ocean they saw for the first time; but far more than that, they had crossed incalculable gulfs of traditions, of prejudice, of the tyranny of old, fixed ideas.

He had come a long journey, he had trod a new road, he was fighting a new fight, this soldier who had turned his back on the limitations of the past, who was making forward into the future with all the strength and faith of his young manhood, when he met his sudden destiny and lay down forever in a wheat-field of France.

There he lay in a blessed, blessed stillness, having done his best.

Being still alive, and so not permitted to lie down by him to rest, I left him, and returned to a great city, any great city—all great cities everywhere in the world being the same.

I stood before the door of a shop. I saw an old, thin, work-deformed woman cowering before a well-fed man with a brutal voice who stood over her, angrily shouting at her that she had not sufficiently burnished the brass hinges of the great glass doors. With the rich abundance of the wheat-fields still golden before my eyes, I saw her cowering before him, all her sacred human dignity stripped from her by her need for food, by the fear of more hunger than even she could endure.

I saw a woman with a bloated, flabby body, strained together into a cohesion by steel bands, with a bloated, flabby face covered with red and white. Small glass-like pieces of white stone were thrust into the pierced flesh of her ears, gleamed on her protuberant bosom, on her puffed, useless fingers. With the roar of the distant battle still in my ears, I heard her saying, "The war is lasting too long! Lucette tells me that it is impossible for her to get the right shade of silk for my corset; the only *coiffeur* who understands my hair has been sent to the front; and I have not had a bonbon in ten days."

I saw a wretched, disinherited son of man, shaking with alcoholism, rotten with disease, livid with hunger, undone with hopelessness, flung on a bench like a ragged sack of old bones. Only the palsied trembling of his dirty hands showed that he lived. But with the awful odor of real death still in my nostrils, I perceived that he was alive, while the strong young soldier was dead.

I saw a man with a gross, pale countenance, with white fine linen and smooth black broadcloth, who stepped confidently forward, not deigning to lift his eyes to the crowd about him, sure that they would give way before the costliness of his ring and pin.

In his soft, white hands he held a newly printed newspaper which, open at the news from the stock exchange, he read with an expression of eager rapacity. On his way stood a woman in all the fleshly radiance of her youth, with some of the holiness of youth still left on her painted mouth. She, looking at him hungrily, desperately, forced his eyes up to meet hers. With the glory of the dead soldier still in my soul, I saw the rapacity in his eyes change to lust, I saw an instant's sickness in hers go out, quenched by the bravado of despair.

Oh, American soldier, lying still in the wheat-field of France, did you come so far a journey to meet your death in order that all this might continue?

"Let us here highly resolve that all these dead shall not have died in vain . . . ."

THE DAY OF GLORY

. . . if the Armistice is signed, a salvo of cannon from the Invalides at eleven o'clock will announce the end of the war.

The clock hands crept slowly past ten and lagged intolerably thereafter. The rapid beating of your heart, telling off the minutes, brought eleven finally very near. Then the clock, your heart, all the world, seemed to stand still. The great moment was there. Would the announcing cannon speak? Such a terrible silence as the world kept during that supreme moment of suspense! It was the quintessence of all the mortal torture of four nightmare years.

And then . . . like a shock within your own body it came, the first solemn proclamation of the cannon, shaking the windows, the houses, the very sky, with its news. The war was over. The accursed guns had ceased tearing to pieces our husbands and our sons and our fathers.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of women who heard those guns, I think there was not one who did not feel instantly, scalding on her cheeks, the blessed tears—tears of joy! She had forgotten that there could be tears of joy. The horrible weight on her soul that had grown to be a

part of life dissolved away in that assuaging flood; the horrible constriction around the heart loosened. We wept with all our might; we poured out once for all the old bitterness, the old horror. We felt sanity coming back, and faith and even hope,—that forgotten possession of the old days.

When the first tears of deliverance had passed, and your knees had stopped shaking, and your heart no longer beat suffocatingly in your throat, why, then every one felt one common imperious desire, to leave the little cramping prison of his own walls, to escape out of the selfish circle of his own joy, and to mingle his thanksgiving with that of all his fellows, to make himself physically, as he felt spiritually, at one with rejoicing humanity.

And we all rushed out into the streets.

I think there never can have been such a day before, such a day of pure thanksgiving and joy for every one. For the emotion was so intense that, during the priceless hours of that first day, it admitted no other. Human hearts could hold no more than that great gladness. The dreadful past, the terrible problems of the future, were not. We lived and drew our breath only in the knowledge that "firing had ceased at eleven o'clock that morning," and that those who had fought as best they could for the Right had conquered.

You saw everywhere supreme testimony to the nobility of the moment, women in black, with bits of bright-colored tricolor pinned on their long black veils, with at last a smile, the most wonderful of all smiles, in their dimmed eyes. They were marching with the others in the streets; every one was marching with everyone else, arm in arm, singing:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le Jour de Gloire est arrive!

The houses echoed to those words, repeated and repeated by every band of jubilant men and women and children who swept by, waving flags and shouting:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

Every group had at its head a permissionnaire or two in field uniform who had been pounced upon as the visible emblem of victory, kissed, embraced, covered with flowers, and set in the front rank to carry the largest flag. Sometimes there walked beside these soldiers working women with sleeping babies in their arms, sometimes old men in frock coats with ribbons in their buttonholes, sometimes light-hearted, laughing little munition workers still in their black aprons, but with tricolored ribbons twisted in their hair, sometimes elegantly dressed ladies, sometimes women in long mourning veils, sometimes ragged old beggars, sometimes a cab filled with crippled soldiers waving their crutches—but all with the same face of steadfast, glowing jubilee. During those few blessed hours there was no bitterness, no evil arrogance, no revengeful fury. Anyone who saw all that afternoon those thousands and thousands of human faces all shining with the same exaltation can never entirely despair of his fellows again, knowing them to be capable of that pure joy.

The Day of Glory has come.

The crowd seemed to be merely washing back and forth in surging waves of thanksgiving, up and down the streets aimlessly, carrying flowers to no purpose but to celebrate their happiness. But once you were in it, singing and marching with the others, you felt an invisible current bearing you steadily, irresistibly, in one direction; and soon, as you marched, and grew nearer the unknown goal, you heard another shorter, more peremptory rhythm mingling with the longer shout, repeated over and over:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
La Jour de Gloire est arrive!

Now people were beginning to shout: "To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!" Then you knew that you were being swept along to the Place de la Concorde, to salute the statue of Strasbourg, freed from her forty years of mourning and slavery.

The crowd grew denser and denser as it approached that heart of Paris; and the denser it grew the higher flamed the great fire of rejoicing, mounting up almost visibly to the quiet gray skies:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

"To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!"

No evil epithets hurled at the defeated enemy, not one, not one in all those long hours of shouting out what was in the heart; no ugly effigies, no taunting cries, no mention even of the enemy—instead a fresh outburst of rejoicing at the encounter with a long procession of Belgians, marching arm in arm, carrying Belgian flags and pealing out like trumpets the noble *Brabanconne!* We made way for them with respectful admiration, we stopped our song to listen to theirs, we let them pass, waving our hats, our handkerchiefs, cheering them, pressing flowers upon them, snatching at their hands for a clasp as they went by, blessing them for their constancy and courage, sharing their relief till our hearts were like to burst!

We fell in behind them and at once had to separate to allow the passage of a huge camion, bristling with American soldiers, heaped up in a great pyramid of brown. How everyone cheered them, a different shout, with none of the poignant undercurrent of sympathy for pain that had greeted the Belgian exiles. These brave, lovable, boyish crusaders come from across the sea for a great ideal, who had been ready to give all, but who had been blessedly spared the last sacrifice—it was a rollicking shout which greeted them! They represented the youth, the sunshine; they were loved and laughed at and acclaimed by the crowd as they passed, waving their caps, leaning over the side to shake the myriad hands stretched up to them, catching at the flowers flung at them, shouting out some song, perhaps a college cheer, judging by the professionally frantic gestures of a cheer leader, grinding his teeth and waving his arms wildly to exhort them to more volume of sound. Whatever it was, it was quite inaudible in the general uproar, the only coherent accent of which was the swelling cry repeated till it was like an elemental sound of nature:

The Day of Glory has arrived!

Now a group of English soldiers overtook us, carrying a great, red, glorious English flag, adding some hearty, inaudible marching song to the tumult. As they passed, a *poilu* in our band sprang forward, seized one of the Anglo-Saxons in his arms, and kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks. Then there was laughter, and shouts and handshakings and more embracing, and they too vanished away in the waves of the great river of humanity flowing steadily,

rapidly toward the statue of the lost city whose loss had meant the triumph of unscrupulous force, whose restitution meant the righting of an old wrong in the name of justice. We were almost there now; the huge open Place opened out before us.

Now we had come into it, and our songs for an instant were cut short by one great cry of astonishment. As far as the eye could reach, the vast public square was black with the crowd, and brilliant with waving flags. A band up on the terrace of the Tuileries, stationed between the captured German airplanes, flashed in the air the yellow sheen of their innumerable brass instruments, evidently playing with all their souls, but not a sound of their music reached our ears, so deafening was the burst of shouting and singing as the crowd saw its goal, the high statue of the lost city, buried in heaped-up flowers and palms, a triumphant wreath of gold shadowing the eyes which so long had looked back to France from exile.

Ah, what an ovation we gave her! Then we shouted as we had not done before, the great, primitive, inarticulate cry of rejoicing that bursts from the heart too full. We shook our flags high over our heads, as we passed; we cast our flowers up on the pedestal; we were swept along by the current—we were the current ourselves!

At the base of the statue a group of white-haired Alsatians stood, men and women, with quivering lips and trembling hands. Theirs was the honor to arrange the flowers which, tossed too hastily by the eager bearers, fell to the ground.

As they stooped for them, and reached high to find one more corner not covered with blooms, a splendid, fair-haired lad, sturdy and tall, with the field outfit of the French soldier heavy on his back, pushed his way through the crowd.

He had in his hand a little bouquet—white and red roses and forget-me-nots. His eyes were fixed on the statue. He did not see the old men and women there to receive the flowers. He pressed past them and with his own young hands laid his humble offering at the feet of the recovered city. He looked up at the statue and his lips moved. He could not have been more unconscious if he had been entirely alone in an Alsatian forest. The expression on his beautiful young face was such that a hush of awe fell on those who saw him.

An old woman in black took his hand in hers and said, "You are from Alsace?"

"I escaped from Strasbourg to join the French army," he said, "and all my family are there." His eyes brimmed, his chin quivered.

The old woman had a noble gesture of self-forgetting humanity. She took him in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks. "You are my son," she said.

They all crowded around him, taking his hand. "And my brother!" "And mine!" "And mine!"

The tears ran down their cheeks.

A congressman claims to have carried the same umbrella 665,000 miles through 110 countries. It is assumed that by this time he has eluded its owner.

If Mitchell were a private, it would be interesting to hear him hold forth concerning second lieutenants.

102D MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Company A

"Rush to Rutland on September 25th" was more than a success. "BULLDOGS" SLOPPSY COCKLIN, MUGGSY DOOLAN and TOM CUMMINGS outdid themselves as a committee, ably assisted by the townsfolk and the chief of police.

BUCK FREEMAN thought he was on a sleigh ride going up, particularly when ROARY GLENCROSS lifted the floor boards to push FRANK HITCHCOCK, RALPH GEORGE and DAVY CROCKETT over the hills. "Shut the door, he's coming through the window" was re-echoed the three days as POP COVEY'S voice proved.

"BAT" NELSON and "CHICK" HARNEY appeared "a la King" from Greenfield, and LAVARNWAY came from Hammond, N. Y., a 300-mile drive. STEW JOHNSTON came from a three-months' sick bed to be present. CARL REED from Ipswich was welcomed by a self-appointed reception committee and wasn't the same afterward. JOHN SANBORN kept busy counting the profits. JOE VATCHER and ART HAVLIN were also in GUY BEAN'S motion picture—still pictures wouldn't take.

At the appreciated American Legion Auxiliary luncheon, BILL MORRILL scratched his head as of yore and came in, NICHOLLS "overslept" and missed the banquet. On parade. GEORGE BENTLEY carried a flare.

"On to New York" (12 miles) was the battle cry of the evening.

From Rutland(Vermont) and vicinity appeared Veterans PORKY QUINN, FRANZONI, SHARROW, PALLMERINE, GLEASON, GOKEY and HALL. Of course, JOE COLOMB and ST. PETER skipped regular details enough to be present. HINCKLEY announced a Marcheville anniversary heir and TIMBERS sought investors for his asbestos mine. TOM ROBERTS heard the rumble and signed up.

Lack of space and ability forbid a vivid picture, but memories and wagging tongues will prove why these 34 "A" men will be back again for seconds.

While in Bangor, Maine, the first of October, HARRY A. KINSON called on "DOC" FORD (Capt. Medical Corps) and they had the usual good chat renewing the *guerre*.

Company B

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. RALPH J. BEAN on the birth of a daughter, Carolyn Louise, August 23, at St. Petersburg, Fla. Ralph's address is P. O. Box 1863, and he hopes that any of the fellows who go down that way will look him up. —A. C. H.

AN OLD FRIEND

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

During a trip to Maine in early October, we paid a visit to Dr. W. H. LYNCH, the genial vet. of Portland. To say that he was pleased to see us is to put it mildly. It was only after we explained that our lunch was reposing in a vacuum jar in the auto, and that we had planned to picnic at some spot farther on in our journey, that he and Mrs. Lynch consented reluctantly to let us go without first having lunch.

GEORGE W. TWOMBLY (101st Sig. Corps)
PHILIP N. SANBORN (101st Engrs.)

HOW IT WORKS OUT

TYLER H. BLISS (CORP. INF.)

When Jonesey joined the army he had all the dope down fine,
Said he, "I'd ought to land the cush, though serving in the line.
A private's pay is thirty, then by adding ten per cent—
That's thirty-three
And now lessee,
In this here now French currency—
Five-sixty rate,
Makes one-eight-eight,
Or thereabouts; why, hell! that's great!
It's more'n enough
To buy me stuff
And let me throw a swell front bluff.
Because my chow
Is paid for now,
And I don't need but to allow
A little kale
For vin or ale,
And maybe some day blow a frail
To vo-de-vee
In gay Paree
Or some live joint like that citee—
Why, I'll be flush. Besides, Friend Government is staking me the rent."

On payday Jones was right on deck, an outstretched cap in view,
He thought by trusting to his hands some clackers might leak through.
He'd planned to split his wages among all the leading banks,
But the Q. M.
Just said, "Ahem!
Expenses come
To quite a sum,
Though where the tin is coming from
Is not my care,
But your affair.
We'll have to charge you for a pair
Of leggings lost,
Ten francs the cost;
On board the ship we note you tossed
A cigarette
Into the wet—
Subs might upon our trail have set.
That'll put you
Back ninety-two;
Insurance, bonds, allotments too,—
In short, you owe the Government just eighty-seven francs."

—From "Yanks, a Book of A. E. F. Verse."

"CALVINISMS"

"It is our purpose in our intercourse with foreign powers to rely not on the strength of our fleets and our armies, but on the justice of our cause. For these reasons our country has not wished to maintain huge military forces."

"We are irrevocably committed to the theory of a government by the people. The military power should be subordinated to and governed by the civil authority. Whenever the military power starts dictating to the civil authority, by whatsoever means adopted, the liberties of the country are beginning to end."

"Undoubtedly one of the most important provisions in the preparation for national defence is a proper and sound selective service act. Such a law ought to give authority for a very broad mobilization of all the resources of the country, both persons and materials."

"I see no merit in any unnecessary expenditure of money to hire men to build fleets and carry muskets when international relations and agreements permit the turning of such resources into the making of good roads, the building of better homes, the promotion of education, and all the other arts of peace which minister to the advancement of human welfare."

"Our institutions are founded not on military power but on civil authority. Any organization of men in the military service bent on inflaming the public mind for the purpose of forcing government action through the pressure of public opinion is an exceedingly dangerous undertaking and precedent."

"Let us cast off our hatreds. Let us candidly accept our treaties and our natural obligations of peace. We know and everyone knows that these old systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed. We must reaffirm and reinforce our ancient faith in truth and justice, in charitableness and tolerance. We must make our supreme commitment to the everlasting spiritual forces of life. We must mobilize the conscience of mankind."

—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

ARMISTICE DAY

By LYMAN B. COZZENS

Aunt Bertha was talking. It seemed as if Aunt Bertha was always talking. And we were in the midst of one of those time-killing devices called "tea" at 4.30 in the afternoon. We had driven a long way to see a football game. Aunt Bertha had waved a flag and shouted and talked all through it. I don't see how she kept track of the game, but somehow she did and thoroughly enjoyed it all, yelling in high satisfaction every time our side made any gain.

It had been cold sitting there so long, but we had a high-powered car and plenty of robes so made a quick trip home in comfort.

Promptly Aunt Bertha called for tea in the foyer. I would rather have had turkey, but tea it was—for now,—as dinner was at 7.30. My aunt poured tea while a maid carried around a huge Sheffield silver tray with a Bohemian lace doily falling over the edges, dishes of thin sandwiches, caviar or *pate de foi gras*, and little pink and chocolate-covered cakes.

Aunt Bertha was talking. She was holding two conversations at once. "We will all go to the game on the 11th. Will you have cream or lemon? How many lumps?"

I reached for the salted almonds. "Not on the 11th for me. I've promised to march—Armistice Day, you know."

"Well, I don't see why you've got to march. There will be enough there. You won't be missed. Dick, no more grapes now."

"No I wouldn't be missed, but I'd miss them. My buddies will be there. We like to see each other once in a while and we seldom get together now."

Dick found his way around to my knee. "What's Armistice Day mean, Lyman?"

Armistice Day! What does it mean? What did it mean? I fell a-dreaming back seven years. Here in the States we heard that there was rejoicing—a tumultuous riot of joy and thanksgiving. "IT'S ALL OVER!"

In France, sitting around our shell holes, it meant that we might have a fire for warmth where we gathered in tired indifference. "IT'S ALL OVER!" We could not quite understand it, could not just take it all in.

We were in a desolate spot in the Argonne—in a ravine caused by two gaunt hills, barren and grim.

The night before, we had slept in a quarry at Samogneau in dark and crowded dugouts. The days were filled with shells and gas, the nights with homesickness and discouragement. But we had each other and depended on each other to fill that nameless vacant ache. Each man in uniform was a prince, a brother.

At midnight I was called to see a sick friend. I crawled out of my blankets into the chill November frost to go to him. He was in the Hundred Man Dugout high up in the hill. I felt my way along the trench, slipping and stumbling in the red clay to an opening in the ground, down perhaps thirty steps, and along an endless passage between sleeping men, whom sometimes I had to awaken to ask my way. "Go about twenty steps more and you will find a connecting passage." I went, slipping continually off the duck boards into the mud.

At the far end there gleamed the tiny light of a candle. There I found him. What he needed—what they all needed—was a breath of fresh air. It was the continuous nerve strain they had been under so long and, living in this unnatural way was sinking the morale and the health of these men who had had enough.

When I came back to my own dugout, the guard met me. "There's no use going back to bed, Lyman, orders have come over the trench telephone to move at three."

So we are to move. Where to now, I wonder. What next? Could it be any worse than this? Yes, it could and it was.

At three we were called. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. There was not much commotion. Each was silently gathering his belongings, rolling them into a pack, sober and quiet, and moving out to the soup gun where willing cooks had done the best they could with bad coffee.

Slowly down the hill we went, little caring where. We had long since ceased being curious, just did as we were told.

There was not much order, just a gang moving along the dark road. A gang of rough men. But Oh, what men! Thank God we had each other.

It was a long way—the place where we went. Long hours of hiking. Tramp. Tramp. Tramp.

A line from Dickens haunted me, "Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. We dragged along. Our feet picked up the thick mud. Bleak cold! Copper sky! Our uniforms were torn, dirty, wrinkled, wet. Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. Up hill and down, over stretches of waste, broken only by long zig-zag trenches and tangles of rusty barbed wire. How would it all end or was there to be an end?"

"Buried how long?" "Almost eighteen years." "You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?" "Long ago."

At last we came to a halt. We were given no dugouts because there were none. We slept on the ground. In the morning the night's frost was spread over the earth. Little humps everywhere showed that there was humanity lying there in twos under the white mantle.

We heard of an Armistice, but were cynical and would not believe. The French Artillery were with us and promptly at 11 o'clock they fired all the guns at once. After that, no more shells were heard and we knew it was true.

The war was over. *Finis la guerre*. But it didn't matter. Things terrible and ghastly had settled themselves into the commonplace. The wounded, the dead. What of those that were gone—brave, noble men? The order of their going was too sudden, too violent to be readily realized. It had been our part to stand with clenched teeth and

helplessly watch the toll, not to give way to our inner feelings, the faintness, the horror, the loss.

We were sitting in a shell hole around a fire. It was odd to see a fire burning in a military position. No lights had been seen for months and now fires blazed everywhere, and from the top of the hill star shells and signal rockets were sent up for our celebration. We hardly noticed them. We were tired. Somewhere in the distance a band played, its notes coming to us faintly with the wind.

Company A were singing. Thank God we had each other. My bunkie was there beside me. I leaned against him and went to sleep.

FAMOUS SMITHS

Al ———
——— Brothers
The Village Black———
Arrow———
Two Bit ———

BILL SNYDER'S RIDING ACADEMY
(Ride, Cowboy, Ride)

There is absolutely no question now in the minds of our brother academics as to WHO??? is boss in the FURDON family. It's funny what a little "red ink" will do.

We have not heard much from Brother JOCK MALONE regarding the efficiency of the Artillery since our last smoker. He insists now that we will have to have a Captain of Artillery for our next speaker. "The first is short; the second is long,—oh, well."

Brother "GOLDIE" has protested to the Board of Academics regarding actions of a few of our brother bronchos. He says he does not mind being called an "Irish Jew" or a "Scotch Jew," but he would like to know who tried to make a "colored" Jew out of him when he fell asleep the other night.

Bronchos HARLOW and PORTER have found a new use for a shoe horn. For the small sum of one horse shoe and eight gilded nails they will be glad to make known their secret. AVON SMITH, who was present at one of their private demonstrations, insists that it is well worth the price asked.

The Riding Master is very glad to announce the promotion of BILL CONNOLLY to corporal of the "Four Horsemen." (Key to this one can be found in the "Congratulations" column.)

"The wife wouldn't let me out," might be a pretty good excuse for missing a meeting at the Riding Academy, but when a man comes in the next morning with his pockets filled with "trick cigars," etc., we think that FREDDIE MAGUIRE will have to think up a better one for the next time.

An out-of-town member, upon leaving the Academy the other night, found a fair damsel planted in his "red Nash" outside. Comrade JIM WOOD wants it understood that other bronchos with red Nashes must keep off his beat.

Huntington Avenue is noted for its pretty girls and when one of our handsome "guardians of traffic" who visits the Academy daily, will walk practically the length of the Avenue with a red, red rose in his hand—well,—we are considering putting an ad in the paper for a new stenog.

—SNYDER.

TO KEEP THE FAITH

To keep the faith with those who heaped
The golden treasure of their youth,
Their hearts' blood, and their aspirations here
Upon the altar we had raised to truth—
To loyalty and sacrifice—
Devotion to a cause—
To all that shines above the baser things
And guides men through the peril and the pain
To take the better part and blend their souls
With immemorial light and music in
The sanctuary of Fame.

With them we broke the bread
And sipped the wine of sacrifice,
In that dim twilight of their tryst with Death,
Where in the evening of their lives
We watched in cold Gethsemane,
And with them crushed the agony of fear
And passed on as the Reaper passed
And chilled us with the sense
Of our mortality; though not for us
The cross of greatest sacrifice
That lifts them from the mass and shrines them
In the hearts of all humanity,
We keep the faith and with our bayonets fill
The background of a scene from history
Where heroes gave their lives
Because their country called.

There may be something nobler than such sacrifice;
It may be wiser to stand back and let another go;
Perhaps devotion is a dream, and heroism,
And all finer things like music and the glow of oriel.
If so, we cannot change it now, we only know
They went forth in our cause
And we must keep our faith with them
And with ourselves, and find out later on.

—T. W. ROOSE.

OVERSEAS REUNION

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Believe me, an overseas reunion of the Division would be a great move towards getting the boys together again, especially those who could afford to make the trip, allowing for time to visit some of the other countries of Europe. Should think the Division could hold it whether or not the American Legion held their convention in Paris in 1927.

It would be a splendid feat to get at least five thousand or six thousand of the old gang to go with their wives and friends. Then would be the time to unveil that Division Memorial at Chateau Thierry, Rupt-en-Woerve or St. Mihiel, and watch the other divisions follow the 26th. Don't feel that memorial should be too expensive unless it took the form of a building for civic or municipal purposes.

Best wishes and success for the Y. D. V. A. and its monthly organ of news.

What has happened to all the "bucks" of the 102d F.A.? Only reports coming in are from officers.

—JAMES MCCARTHY (Batt. C, 102d F. A.)

KNOCKS & BOOSTS

"You can please some of the people all of the time,
And you can please all of the people some of the time,
But you can't please all of the people all of the time."

LIKES THE COVERS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent cover illustration of your October issue, as well as the illuminating article, "Glory Enough for All." Tables of facts like these are worth pages of opinions and contentions.

—M. B. C.

THE BOY SCOUTS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

It caused me a great deal of alarm, a big dig to my conceit and a lot of dejection to read in the current copy of YD DOINGS of the terrible record made by *our* 26th Division.

After hasty reading of the article I thought I would write to suggest a few more items of unfavorable propaganda that you could use in next month's DOINGS in case you are short of the same, viz: General Edwards was removed for insubordination or some other pet charge of the war department; Colonel Logan likewise, along with General Cole. The morale was the worst in any division of the A. E. F., the officers were the most arrogant towards superiors of any *resting* in France. The men themselves were pretty nearly the scum of the earth.

Now with these few items above I think, with the influence your pen can muster, you have a pretty good story for next month's DOINGS.

I am so ashamed of the Division's record, after reading your re-printed illuminating article, that I do not dare to sign my name for fear I would be connected in some manner with the Division, and I will sign my adopted *nom de guerre.*

—"THE DRONE"

A DIFFERENT VIEW

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

October 1925 was the best issue in two years.

Please publish and bind (light, flexible binding) DOINGS' cover designs. Total number, seventy? Fifty would be enough for a fine volume, although I should like all seventy.

"By Direction,"

—A. A. H.

THANKS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

This is just a line in appreciation of your page, "Between Ourselves," which appeared in the October YANKEE DOINGS. It is very, very good. I read it to General Hersey last evening, and as he is going over to attend the reunion of the 4th Division in New York on November 11, he has asked me to make a copy of it for him and I rather guess he will use it in his address to his old men.

Sincerely yours,

—C. R. C.

CRITICAL

Dear Editor:

"Glory Enough for All" is a perfect example of statistics gone wrong so far as premises and deductions are concerned.

Tables 1 and 2 are okay, but is there to be no mention of the 51st Artillery Brigade and other units which served a longer time in line? For example, the artillery served in the Aisne-Marne offensive up to and including August 5th, 1918.

Table 3 can bear examination. The doughboys make pointed reports regarding prisoners. Can this be "bunk"?

Table 4 means little except that good leadership, good training, experience, and quick wit prevented unnecessary casualties. Gaining objectives with the minimum casualties is more to be admired from a military standpoint than heroic lost causes.

Table 5 does not regard difficulties of terrain. Is there not a great difference between advancing over and taking hilly semi-mountainous regions against desperate resistance and advancing over plains with a minimum of natural hazards and little actual resistance? Is there not much difference in holding a hinge, swinging the gate near the hinge in bad country as against pursuing an enemy forced back by that inch by inch advance at the hinge? Say nothing of merely keeping up the momentum of a drive which had to be first started against organized positions.

Table 6 calls for the same criticism.

It seems to me that your article neglects the factors of leadership, conservation of men, difficulties of terrain, degree of resistance, and character of attack, all of which must be applied to such a set of statistics in order to arrive at sound conclusions.

So I think that there is indeed *much* to be said in addition to your last three lines in the article, "Glory Enough for All," without in the least detracting from any division.

—A. R. TILLERY

In rejoinder, we desire to call our reader's attention to the fact that the article in question was purely statistical. It was not the purpose of the writer to explain the figures, merely to give them. Only one exception was made to that rule. This occurred in the footnote to Table II. The article was purposely compiled without comment so that readers might be free to draw conclusions of their own.—ED.

ONE IN FAVOR

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Congratulations. The last issue was a peach, and the article with the comparative statistics of the different divisions was exceptionally good.

—E. P. L.

RETORT COURTEOUS

Editor DOINGS:

President Lowell of Harvard used to caution his students as follows: "There are three kinds of lies—lies, damn lies, and statistics."

I have in mind your article in last month's DOINGS entitled "Glory Enough for All."

—C. E. FESSENDEN

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"

A PARISIAN ARMISTICE

Giving the street below more attention than the "hot action stuff" I was editing for news weekly release in the Pathé motion picture plant in Paris, I was attracted to six men who stepped to the street from the two-by-two sidewalk cafe shouting and waving their arms as if the cognac they had consumed had in it strong doses of dynamite. At the first glimmer I thought that another strike was called by the frog help at the laboratory and that some blood might decorate the premises. Being away from the rat-tat-tat of a Hotchkiss for several months, following my transfer from the 101st Machine Gun Battalion and the best division among all those ham-an'-eggers, I was ready for any sort of fray, even if only with bare knuckles.

Chucking the "hot" movie thriller into the nearest basket, I rushed down the stairs followed by my hunkies and flunkies. By the time I reached the huge entrance gates the six frogs had grown to well nigh sixty. I yelled to the first one I could reach of the mob, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?*" or words of the same import.

"*Hé, monsieur, c'est l'armistice!*" a half dozen of them replied. Great guns and seven fishes! Is all this crazy killing business over? I stood for a minute like an elephant in meditation. Then the words, "*l'armistice,*" found the proper niche in my upper works and I let out a whoop that would earn a new battle axe in any African tribe.

In less than two winks the narrow, cobbled street was packed with waving arms and playful pokes-in-the-ribs. Having several wooden medals for dare-deviltry and keeping late hours, I was shoved to the forefront of the wildest bunch of bozos I ever met on the two hemispheres.

Up old Rue Vignoron to the Avenue de Paris was a triumph. Women shouted from the housetops, kids ran yelling in our path, old men wept, our movie cameras clicked furiously under hasty orders, I found myself in but a few minutes the leader of hundreds,—American soldiers, cafe habitues, young girls, French blessès, second looies, men with high hats, women with market baskets. I was never so nuts in all my born days and never shall be again. I led in the lowliest of the French "couplets" and those that inspire most. I made jumps like a kangaroo, yelled like a trooper, waved my arms like Ann Pennington and strutted like a female ostrich.

Mine was the first procession to reach the heart of Paris. By then everything was turmoil and it seemed momentarily that my parade would be broken by the surging mob. Hundreds joined on, and still I led with wavering feet and a parched throat. Once, when I looked back, the size of that immense following frightened me. At the first convenient *buvette* I made a quick get-away. About a dozen of my closest adherents lined the bar on each side. I called for throat-smoothers for the crowd and soon felt the effect of my *camaraderie*. After the third round I discovered the sparsity of my francs and also that I must call an armistice of my own if I wished to see the balance of the celebration.

Noiselessly I slid out and searched for the first Metro station. Luckily I was on the main line and was carried to the Opera, my desired destination. Being acquainted at the office of the *Chicago Tribune*, I marched up there, rather jerkily, and squeezed in to the window where a couple of cute Red Cross girls held a commanding position. For an instant it seemed like a freeze-out, but when I told them of my news connections their interest was diverted long enough to make a wedge for observation.

Below, in the large square in front of the Opera, thousands pushed and laughed and played ring-around-Rosie and pulled cab drivers from their seats and kissed American soldiers,—and such a sight it all was!

Somehow, mysteriously, I gravitated to the Arc de Triomphe, to the Elysee Palace and back to the Place de la Concorde. Everywhere the armistice-crazed milled and shouted. Toward evening I found myself at the Hotel Regina where a kind Red Cross woman consented to dine with me. I thought I was all in. But a great dance had been arranged at the hotel to celebrate the Armistice and that could not be missed. And so we danced until the wee small hours, amid bursting balloons and flying confetti. In bed, hours later, I was still leading 'em. But that was one hectic day in the life of this fool soldier!

—E. M. Kelcy (101st M. G. Bn.)

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

Among the familiar faces at the Colby-Bowdoin game were Sergeant Major Jim McMahon and Earl Chase (Lt., Supply Co.) Both are Colbyites and bet *beaucoup francs* on the Army Mule (Colby's mascot) which won 10 to 7. Our old friend, Bill Ireland, was on hand rooting for Bowdoin.

Fred Benner (Lt., M. G. Co.) is in California and is the agent for a "pruning knife" which was invented by Harry McKenny (former Stable Sgt., M. G. Co.) It is said that this knife is being sold in large quantities in the West.

Neil Gagon, former top kick of Company A, is now superintendent of the North Wayne Tool Company at Winthrop, Maine. Neil is married and is the proud daddy of a little girl.

YD AUXILIARY

The Hospital and Welfare Committee is making regular visits once a week to the hospitals,—taking fruit, reading matter, jellies, etc., and visiting with the boys. Many YD boys are helped and cheered by these visits.

Just to remind you of the Bazaar to be held November 21 from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. Lunch is to be served at noon, whist at 2 P.M., also an entertainment in the evening. Candy, cooked food, groceries, aprons, and all kinds of fancy articles will be for sale. Come and bring your friends. Mrs. Alfred Snape is general chairman. The Bazaar is to be held in the YD Club Room.

The next regular meeting of the Auxiliary is to be held Wednesday, November 18, at 8 P.M.

—Mrs. Leonard Snape, Chairman of Publicity

BOSTON CLUB SMOKER

One of the most successful of the series of splendid smokers which the YD Club of Boston is running was held on Thursday evening, October 15.

The speaker of the evening was Captain Andre Morize of the French Infantry. Captain Morize is also entitled to be known as professor, as he serves in that capacity at Harvard University. He came to this country, shortly after our entry into the World War, as an instructor in the military art, and has since become a permanent member of the Harvard faculty. His name is one that calls for little introduction in this part of the country.

Captain Morize's subject was, "The Early Days of the War." He recounted in a graphic manner some of the difficulties and hardships encountered by the French in conceiving and putting into execution a system of liaison which could in any way cope with the splendidly organized tactics of the enemy. As an example of the demoralized state of liaison, if it could be called such, in those early days, he cited an incident where French troops, fired on by machine-guns, charged the guns with bayonets, and only after men were killed on both sides did it transpire that the supposed enemy was a detachment of their own men who had mistaken them for Germans.

His audience, one which filled the hall, was held silent by the absorbing interest of the talk.

Entertainment was furnished by professional actors from the Keith-Albee circuit.

A JUDICIAL OPINION

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

It is a great disappointment to me to see the trend that YANKEE DOINGS is taking. In a former issue someone gave a warning that YANKEE DOINGS would become a dumping ground for dirt if we were not careful. The October number seems to be just that.

You will realize that the paper is cherished as a link holding together the men who still retain that sentiment, interested in keeping alive the spirit of good fellowship, the love of their buddies which is deep and decent. I can't think that anybody wants that mixed up with the rough stuff that has gotten into their paper recently. The fact that it has able editors who take delight and pride in putting out a fitting vehicle for this sentiment is the final reason for its success and gathers into our midst those who would not be attracted by more weighty matter.

The dirty, the vulgar, the morbid will draw some but it will also offend some. Why take a chance? The clean never offended anybody. You once said something to the effect that this paper goes into decent homes and is read by ladies. I might add that it also is read by gentlemen.

One issue published the death of Fuller P. Nard, who is quite generally considered to be a personality although under a *nom de plume*, and mixed up in the horrible disaster of the Pickwick Club with a bottle of gin in the hand of death and called it a joke. This, you will admit, is not a very edifying form of humor.

The column, "Between Ourselves," was exceptionally fine—an interesting and lovable description of the soldier as we knew him and one we want to convey to our sisters, mothers and wives. But look at the language! It might have been modified without harm. Instead of G— D—, would it not have been more wise to have left out the initials, allowing each individual to supply his own form of profanity on his own responsibility?

The article, "A Worthy Suggestion," was unworthy. It had no point. Jokes on bootlegging and slaps at prohibition have been criticised in former issues as tiresome. There are those among your subscribers who uphold prohibition as it has become a law, as well as those who do not. Why become partisan and offend some?

The article, "Concerning Pants," I could make nothing of. Either my sense of humor is lacking or my intelligence.

"Blue Room Fables" might have been good and interesting but for the inevitable profanity which seems so necessary to some writers.

All through the issue were words such as "G—D——est" used two or three times, "H—l, D—d, S— of a B—," "An occasional squirt of tobacco" and a "chew of tobacco." If these expressions are used in a play or a picture you are apt to laugh, but you also internally squirm and wish you had not brought your sister or your children. There is nothing wrong in it, but it is simply not done in literature that goes into the family. The words "lousiest" and "booze," and "I must have been soused"—any one of them would get by in itself but when these were all crowded into one small issue it was at least disgusting. Why must our paper be brought down to the level of rowdyism just to please a part of the subscribers?

I hate to see YANKEE DOINGS slipping. If this sort of thing persists at least decent people will lose interest. I think you will find that the major portion of humanity is clean, although they don't make the most noise.

—L. B. C.

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

The regimental history is rapidly nearing the point where it can be sent to the printers, *but* the committee who have been working very hard on this would appreciate any items from members of the regiment. They have all the main facts, but any personal items or more particularly pictures would be very welcome. Dig up any pictures you may have and send them either to ROGER D. SWAIM, 60 State St., or LAWRENCE B. PAGE, 40 Broad St., Boston. GET BUSY!

F. W. FOSS, of Headquarters Company, is getting together a roster of this company. Send your names and addresses to him at 33 Hancock St., Boston, so that he can notify you of coming events.

Captain "BY" FORD of Battery B was in Boston for one day last month. He promises to be at the reunion next year, and in the meantime he would be mighty glad to see any of the boys who get out his way. He is the manager of the Pebbe Beach Properties at Del Monte, California.

COLONEL LOCKE, at present in command of the 3d Field Artillery at Fort Benjamin Harrison, plans to be at Boxford when we get together next year.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY, cook of Battery E, died early in October at the home of his sister in Marlboro.

Your correspondent wishes to be put down as one who will try his darndest to make Paris in 1927.

—SANDY.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

The 104th Infantry, A. E. F. Veterans, Springfield Unit, has for its officers the following: Commander, CHARLES SOUTHGATE (L Co.); vice-commander, WILLIAM DUCHARME (G Co.); adjutant, CLIFFORD RENTH (Medical); quartermaster, JOSEPH BOWLER (B Co.).

EDDIE YOUNG (M. G. Co.) was married on October 5.

TOM (RED) DEE (B Co.) is the proud parent of a new daughter.

JIM FOREN (top kick, M. G. Co.) has another arrival in his family—a daughter.

Two more B Company fellows who are to be married in the near future are JAMES BOWLER and "BUCKY" GREER. ARNOLD MOORE (M. G. Co.) is also preparing to "step off."

On October 28, the Medical Detachment had a little dinner to welcome "Comrade" CHARLIE DODGE back from India.

Past Commander JIM ARMESON (M. G. Co.) is on his way to Florida. —C. S.

AN APOLOGY AND A DEFENSE

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a letter from one of our readers who is somewhat more than usually critical of some of the recent issues of YANKEE DOINGS. It is admitted that some of the criticism is well founded, in fact, much of it. Some things however, we cannot pass over without comment.

Let us grant that a piece of writing is seldom strengthened by the use of strong language, also that the October number of this paper undoubtedly contained far more than a proper share of words not used around the family hearth. It is our contention, nevertheless, that there are times when and places where, if a semblance of the atmosphere of reality is to be maintained,—the reality of trench and dugout,—the language spoken there must not be tampered with. The authors of "What Price Glory" knew this, and their work was declared by unbiased critics one of the triumphs of realistic drama. One of the aims of YANKEE DOINGS is to preserve not only the comradeship formed in the war days but to recall from time to time the scenes and the surroundings among which that comradeship was formed. We decline to be limited in the resources employed to make such representations graphic and convincing. Picture, for example, the delightful climax of one of the stories told last month, if the soldier in question had been heard to say, "Some inspection. Did you ever see such a silly old dear?" It just wasn't done that way.

Enough on the subject of profanity. It shall be our earnest endeavor to curtail its use, and to allow it to appear only when nothing else will serve as well.

The criticism of the obituary notice of Fuller P. Nard is justified in so far as the Pickwick Club is concerned. Sober second thought convinces us that it was poor taste to link this tragedy with any form of joke or would-be joke.

So far as Fuller's appearance in death is concerned, we do not feel convicted of high misdemeanor in attributing to a fictitious character a minor vice, which even he recognized in his choice of a *nom de plume*.

Which brings us around to the eternal subject of prohibition and the jokes related thereto. Would it be taking a less partisan position to refrain utterly from any quip, no matter how humorous, on this sacred subject? If so, we are at least in good company. What publication, daily, weekly or monthly, if one excepts certain church journals and temperance organs, holds the eighteenth amendment in such reverence as never to mention it lightly? If such sanctimoniousness pervaded the hearts of all men, the world would have lost that most delightful comedy, "The Old Soak." Here again, however, we are willing and ready to abide by the wishes of our readers. At any rate, this style of humor can well be used sparingly.

As to YANKEE DOINGS slipping. Well, we hate to see it too. Poor old sheet, it used to be quite a paper once, but them days is gone forever. It has fallen into the hands of the corrupt and degenerate, and we fear all hope is gone.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

HERBERT E. BRACKETT, who is with the Boston Buick Co., at 97 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, is back in Malden living at 12 Parsonage Road.

GEORGE CLARY is stockman for the Nash Motor Company, on Commonwealth Avenue.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. ERNEST HOULE in Worcester on September 23, a daughter, Marjorie Ann, 7 pounds, 2½ ounces.

HUGH BRINKLEY took a trip to Florida last month, and while on his way back he stopped off at Jacksonville to see CHARLES KEAY.

On Thursday, the eighth of October, in Cambridge, occurred the marriage of FREDERICK ("TED") THOMAS WILSON and Miss Marguerite Irene Robinson.

CARLTON MORSE is able to be around again after a very severe attack of the mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS L. MORSE have moved from Dorchester to Roslindale.

ROY CORWIN, who is with the United Fruit Company in Honduras, spent two weeks here last month and he certainly looks as though the South were agreeing with him.

W. H. ("BILL") BEHRENS sends greetings from California. Bill has been with the Oakland Fire Department for the last five years and is enjoying his work, but he says it would do him worlds of good to see a 26th Division buddy.

Pennsylvania was honored two weeks ago by the presence of ROY KNOX who "refought the fight" with GEORGE HUDSON and LEW COURTER. —G. W. T.

A PHILADELPHIAN'S IDEA OF "COMPLETE"

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(Advertisement in the Philadelphia Ledger)

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CONGRATULATIONS

Lieut. and Mrs. JOSEPH E. VAUGHAN (M. G. Co., 104th Inf.) of Waelder, Texas, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, "Junior."

On October 15 a daughter, Virginia Brooks, was born to Mr. and Mrs. VERNON B. HITCHINS (B Co, 101st Engrs.)

The marriage is announced of EDWARD LEWIS MACCABEE (Co. C, 104th Inf.) and Miss Anna McCullough, on September 19, at Clinton, Mass.

On her own birthday, October 10, the wife of WILLIAM J. CONNOLLY (Co. C, 101st Engrs.) presented him with a ten-pound-two-ounce gift which they have named Robert J.

ALEXANDER W. BECKETT (Co. A, 101st Engrs.) and Miss Elizabeth Thompson were married in Fall River on August 29th and spent their honeymoon in Rockport.

Over the wire we learn that on October 10 a daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE C. MCCARTHY (Co. H, 101st Inf).

Another recent arrival is at 16 High St., West Somerville, where on October 6, a son, Arthur Sargent Weaver, was born to Mr. and Mrs. FREDERIC N. WEAVER (Co. F, 101st Engrs.).

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. HOLDRIDGE (Co. A, 104th Inf.) are pleased to announce the arrival of a son, Ray Quentin, 9½ pounds, on the 5th of October at 22 Pleasant St., Spencer, Mass.

A. P. O. 709

After being bed-ridden for four years, HARRY THORNE (102d Ambulance Co.) is able to sit up. He would be much pleased to hear from his old buddies, and he can be reached by sending mail to 1025 New York Ave., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

RALPH H. WHITMAN (Co. A, 101st Engrs.) is now connected with the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, State of New York, and is stationed in Buffalo. He will be very pleased to see any of his old pals if they will look him up at 11 West Swan Street.

While in Florida last month HUGH BRINKLEY (101st Sig. Corps) met EDWARD J. SUPPLE (103d Ambulance Co.) who is in the real estate business in Miami and is located at 1050 South West 5th Street. He also ran across JOHN A. ROSNER (Co. A, 102d Inf.) in Miami. John is connected with the Underwood Typewriter Company there.

The Fairfield (Conn.) Post, A. L., is trying to locate JOHN LEO CASEY (Co. I, 102d Inf.). Mail of great importance is being held for him and if anybody has news of him it would be greatly appreciated if you'd notify Mrs. C. H. Sprague, 29 Hanover St., Bridgeport, Conn.

ERNEST MCLAUGHLIN (B Co., 101st Engrs.) writes from Prescott, Arizona, that he wants the boys to know that he has regained his health and has started a real estate business in which he is doing very well. He hopes to be in Boston before long.

On October 20, under the energetic generalship of JOHN MORGAN, an informal reunion of the 103d Field Artillery was held in New York and, thanks to CASTOR, the dinner was held in a private room of the Columbia Club. STUART BULLIVANT came up from Philadelphia and J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN went over from Greenwich. New Yorkers present were HUGH O'CONNOR, SCHREIVER, KREAMER, ROBINSON, KELLY, WEST, MEYROWITZ and MELBERT B. CARY, JR. Considerable quantities of rag were chewed as usual when some of the old bunch get together. If there are any other 103d Field Artillery men in the city, please get in touch with Mr. Cary at 1009 Park Ave., New York City, so that you'll be included in the next party.

TRIALS OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD GAME

Quoting from the letter sent in by one of our greeting card patrons:

"My wife asks me to criticise the fact that the stamp on the envelope in which this is mailed was so carelessly put on that the head of Washington, whom every American should hold in reverence, has been put on upside down. This, she thinks, is inexcusable in a patriotic organization like yours."

Can you, we humbly ask, beat it?

MARBLEHEAD BREAKERS

FRED MERRILL (Batt. D, 101st F. A.) fell from a ladder the first of July and spent the summer in the Lynn hospital, but he is now at home.

GEORGE HALE (Batt. E, 101st F. A.) is able to get around with the use of a cane and the doctors say that he will soon have the use of both legs.

WILLIAM STONE (Batt. D, 101st F. A.) is working for Gilbert & Cole, coal dealers.

HAROLD BRINE is working nights at Thompson's Spa, Boston.

Late in August, the Auxiliary held a cake and candy sale for the men at the Chelsea Naval Hospital and were able to send over $114.00. On September 4, a successful concert was held at the Oceanside Hotel. The officers and men of the *Mayflower* were guests at the annual concert and dance on Labor Day.

MRS. ALFRED ROSSER gave a whist and tea for the Auxiliary on September 29.

JOE SKLOVER is able to be up again after a nervous breakdown in September. —G. M. R.

TAPS

CHARLES F. PARRY, leader of General Edwards' Band, passed away on July 1, 1925.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

CAPERS OF C

The unheard-of has happened. Three men have actually taken pen in hand and actually dashed off a real news letter for DOINGS. We hope that the crowd is beginning to realize that if you want a good well-filled column here every month, each and every man has got to cultivate the habit of sending in news items as he picks them up.

The first scribe writes, "Two of our compatriots exhibited their skill at two of the recent fairs in Boston. HI EX SMITH certainly did his stuff at the food fair, gaining new customers for his concern and he had some line of chatter, besides a vivid demonstration of his product, 'Duz.' He certainly could take iodine out of handkerchiefs before the eyes of young and old, but was a better demonstrator with the former. Anyhow, Harry made a big hit at the show for about two weeks.

"The other was RALPH HARTLEY, who held booth or dugout No. 29 at the radio show and proved equally effective.

"Guess the boys aren't making good!"

EARL KENT has promised to come over for the next reunion.

SID WHITAKER, NORM CARTER, BILL CONNOLLY, GEORGE MORRISON, WALLIE SOLLINGER and SMITH are charter members of the new YD Post of the Legion. Not a bad representatlon for C Company.

A few of the boys show up at the YD Club Friday nights for bowling, and one of them writes, "We have a great time."

NORM MORISON recently returned from London where he spent six months playing at the Palais Royal Hotel with his own orchestra, "The Morisonians."

HOWARD STANLEY has returned from the Pacific Coast and is now with the Home Savings Bank, Boston.

Keep a Saturday night open for a Big Reunion in January at the YD Club. —C. W. H.

FANCIES OF F

Annual Maine Letter, No III

Strictly speaking this is not wholly a Maine letter, as about half the news it contains must be credited to New Hampshire. Our Maine boys live so close to the New Hampshire line and our New Hampshire boys so close to the Maine line that there is actually one case, that of LEON SHIRLEY, whose house is in East Conway, N. H., but whose mail arrives at Fryeburg, Maine.

Yes, we saw Leon, early one Sunday morning just as he arrived home from his milk route, an enterprise in which he and his brother seem to be doing mighty well.

On another trip to Fryeburg (our P. C. was at Harrison), we dropped in on LYME ELA who is still holding down his job in the postoffice. Lyme is in an admirable position to act as information center for all F Company men in the vicinity, and from him we obtained addresses of many of the others.

He also took us on a personally conducted tour to the box factory of the United Shoe Machinery Co., where we found SAM HUTCHINS and BERT ST. CLAIR hard at work tending some vicious looking machines. But they were not too much absorbed in what they were doing to talk over the plans for next year's reunion. Of course Sam and Lyman are old attendants, but Bert has yet to make the distance. He promises to be on deck next May.

On one bright, windy day we set out to climb to the top of Pleasant Mountain in Denmark. Half way up one arrives at the neat little camp shown in the accompanying picture. This is where the fire warden, whose tower crowns the extreme summit of the mountain, repairs each night after spending the day on the watch for forest fires. This regular he-man job is held down by LEWIS WALKER, formerly of F Company and later of the Engineers' Band. He was at home and was delighted to receive a call from a former comrade. Together we climbed the steep trail to the summit, pausing now and then as Lew pointed out some spot where he had once shot a deer, or leaning to drink from the clear stream which follows the trail down the mountain. At the top we ascended the iron ladder of the

fifty-foot tower and were ushered into his *sanctum sanctorum* which perches precariously on the top. Here, with windows closed tightly against the wind, we watched the snow squalls conceal and reveal the chain of summits of the White Mountains, took pictures of nearby stretches of scenery, and talked over the old days.

A fifty-mile ride from Harrison to Conway and a good bit of searching around found "SHINE" POTTER. With him we spent the night. A visitor, also stopping there, had been a guide in the "big woods" and the talk was mostly of animals, their habits and haunts,—a topic which brought bedtime around sooner than we wished.

On another day's trip through the White Mountains, evening found us at ALFRED HOWARD'S home in Intervale. We had supper with them and spent the evening. Alfred is running an auto top repair shop in North Conway, but as his wife truly says, he does almost anything. We of F Company can attest to that. No man of our acquaintance could more easily turn his hand to any manner of ingenious work.

A trip to Conway was instrumental in digging up REX MARTIN. He is the same old Rex. Enough said.

In Bridgton we spent a part of an evening with "TINK" EDWARDS and FRANK KNIGHT. Needless to say, the talk soon drifted into familiar channels.

Also in Bridgton we visited "CHARLIE" BURNELL. Charlie has gone back to work for the New England Telephone Co., and his job of repairing lines in some howling storm down in that country takes a good husky boy.

At Brownfield we spent one of the most delightful evenings of all, with RALPH EATON, in front of a crackling open

fire with a huge bowl of apples between us. Ralph and his father are lumbermen, and from Ralph's appearance he could break an ordinary man in two over his knee.

A jaunt on a rainy day through half the counties in Maine eventually led us to LEW EDWARDS who was installing the plumbing in a summer camp on the shore of Brandy Pond in Naples. He is living at Edes Falls, and issued a pressing invitation for us to spend the rest of our vacation with him, but other plans precluded it.

Others whom we attempted to see, but without success, were ALBERT "JAKE" SAVARD, who is living in Chocorua; ERNEST PEARE, whose home is in Conway Center; and ARTHUR MOWATT, who is working in East Baldwin. We should also have liked to have seen "DOC" OSGOOD but, as no one was sure whether he still lived in Hiram, we decided not to make the trip.

Every one of the boys promised to make a big effort to get up to the banquet next May.

PHIL PALMSTROM, who needs no introduction to readers of YANKEE DOINGS, has recently moved his office to 270 Boylston Street where he has opened a finely equipped studio. All of us who had the pleasure of seeing and keeping the wonderful series of cover drawings he has made for us, unite in wishing him all success at his new stand.

Another column carries the announcement of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. FREDERIC N. (BUCK) WEAVER, but "Fancies" would not be complete if we left it out here.

—P. N. S.

MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

EDWARD F. (HAPPY) TOWNSEND, who is an electrician in Claremont, N. H., spent a few days last month with LYMAN B. COZZENS.

JOHN F. PETTINGER is apparently through with the gringoes of South America for he is spending the winter at the Lake Placid Club, Essex Co., N. Y.

Reports from FRANK PILLSBURY are that he is well on the road to recovery after his long siege at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

LELAND BANNISTER (A Co.) is with the A. & P. Co. at the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn.

DOINGS OF D

JIMMY SMITH is still in Gloucester helping his father in the plumbing business when he is not taking some pretty girl to ride. He is going to Florida this fall on his vacation.

OSCAR BOHLIN has been put in full charge of the Dodge Confectionery Company. Our old top kick deserves all the success in the world.

BILLY CLARKE visited Boston during September. He is making a clean-up in Florida selling land.

JOE SHEPHERD reports a roll call of four in his family—wife, self and two recruits, youngest seven months old. Joe is pushing the paper box business hard.

BILL SPRAGUE has been sent to Rutland. Drop him a line, or better still, run out and see him.

Lieutenant DANIELS, who is now chairman of the New England Industrial Lighting Committee of Edison Light, recently addressed the Kiwanis Club of Lowell,—his subject being "Artificial Light—Past, Present and Future." A summary of the address in the local press provides information of absorbing interest.

The Women's Welfare Association is to hold a bazaar at the Cadet Armory the afternoon and evening of November 14. A choice number of useful articles and gifts suitable for Xmas presents are to be offered. Why not come, see the old crowd again, do part of your Xmas shopping, and thus help our comrades who are ill?

The writer of "Doings of D" will have to smoke the box of cigars this month as no one sent in any news. Get busy, send in a few items and win the box of cigars offered each month.

—E. F. W.

ECHOES OF E

BUFFUM, now living at 165 Bellingham Avenue, Revere (how those boys shift billets!), announces the arrival of Eustis R., Junior, on September 17.

TOMMY WIGGIN also comes to bat with a baby boy, also Junior, to his credit. His home is 80 Willet St., Wollaston.

BILL BUXTON was up a couple of times this summer and POP FOLEY got up for a breath of good New England air, too.

LEWIS BERLYN is one of the mainstays of the Salem YD Club and helped give the representatives of the Y. D. V. A. a pleasant evening when they journeyed to Salem to present a charter to the Club there.

We wonder how many noticed the following which was published in the *Boston Transcript* on July 18th: "E Company, 101st Engineers—In proud memory of the men of my command who were killed or mortally wounded in action at Belleau Woods, France, on July 18, 1918. HENRY C. DROWN, 1st Lieut., 101st U. S. Eng." Very fine idea, we thought.

We have had framed the part of our history telling of the way AL. GOODEARL met his death and have presented it to the Orient Heights Post of the American Legion which has done so much to keep his memory alive.

JOHNNY OSBORN, our old major, is running "The Iron Kettle" tearoom down in Hanover as a side line. If you're ever down that way and want to put away a mighty fine line of "eats," drive in beside the comfortable and cozy home behind the kettle and enjoy yourself.

JOHN ROONEY is planning to go to France on his honeymoon in November. By the way, in the building of the new home of the State Street Trust Company, where your correspondent tries to knock out a living, he was much pleased to run across the aforesaid "MIKE" ROONEY, who saw that the stone floor was properly laid. GORDON MACMILLAN (Earle's brother, or cousin or something) saw that the elevators went right. RALPH BARBER, of A Company, put in the hinges and other hardware throughout the building, and one or two other YD men showed up doing the thing as it should be done. More power to them and long may they wave!!! If only the dear public could realize that all the veterans of the greatest *guerre* of all time aren't standing around on street corners making a loud noise bewailing their fates, veteran affairs in general would get a big boost. The boys who are quietly going their ways accomplishing things remind us of the bullet hitting the bull's eye while the other type simply represent the explosion which doesn't mean a thing to anyone who knows.

—R. M. E.

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